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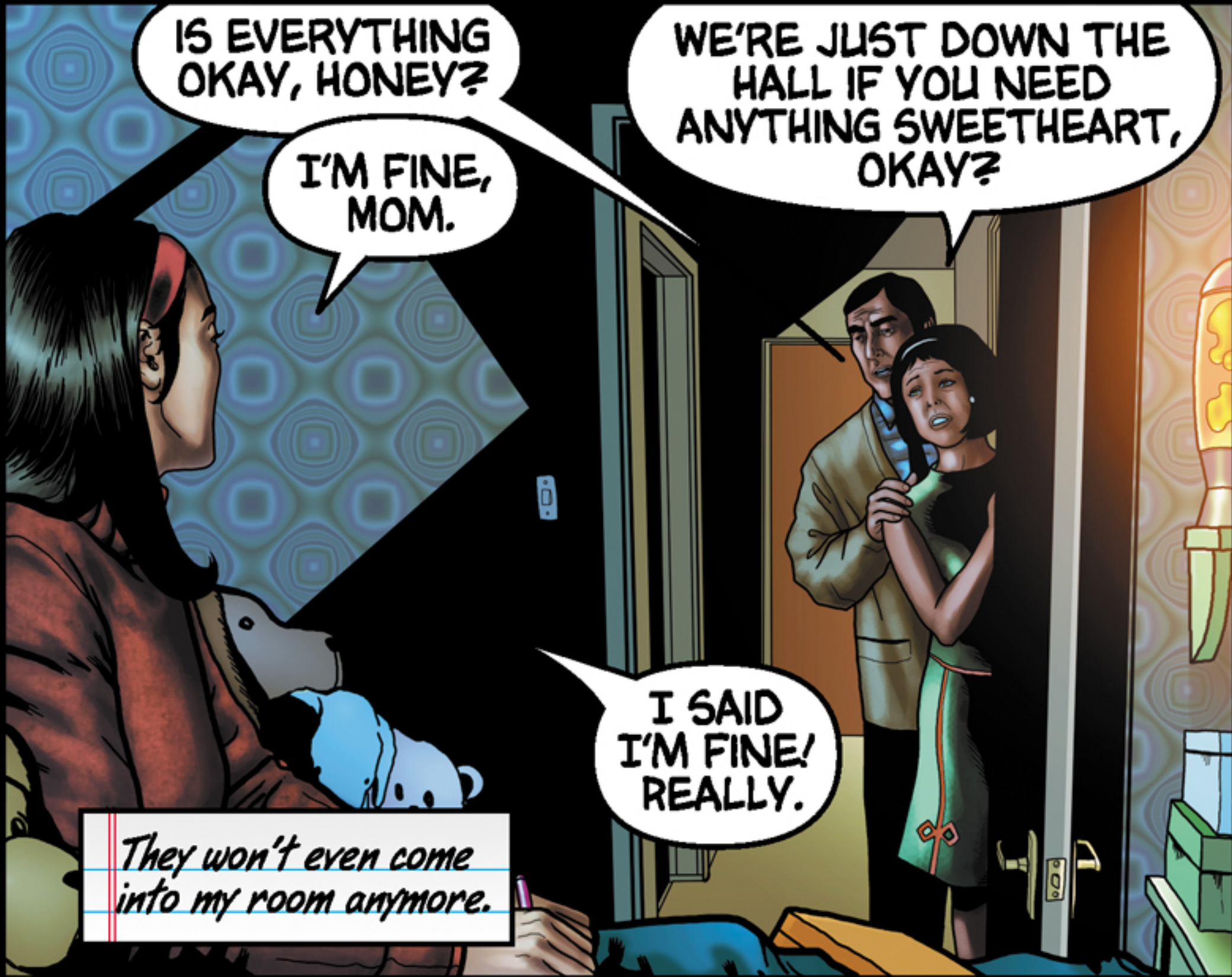


HEROES

CHAPTER 80

MOONLIGHT SERENADE

Linda learns at a young age that she has a powerful, but deadly ability. After being home schooled and kept like a prisoner all her life, Linda starts to become restless. She soon discovers that she is able to see bands of energy surrounding living things, and the more powerful they are; the more Linda is drawn to them.



IS EVERYTHING OKAY, HONEY?

I'M FINE, MOM.

WE'RE JUST DOWN THE HALL IF YOU NEED ANYTHING SWEETHEART, OKAY?

I SAID I'M FINE! REALLY.

They won't even come into my room anymore.



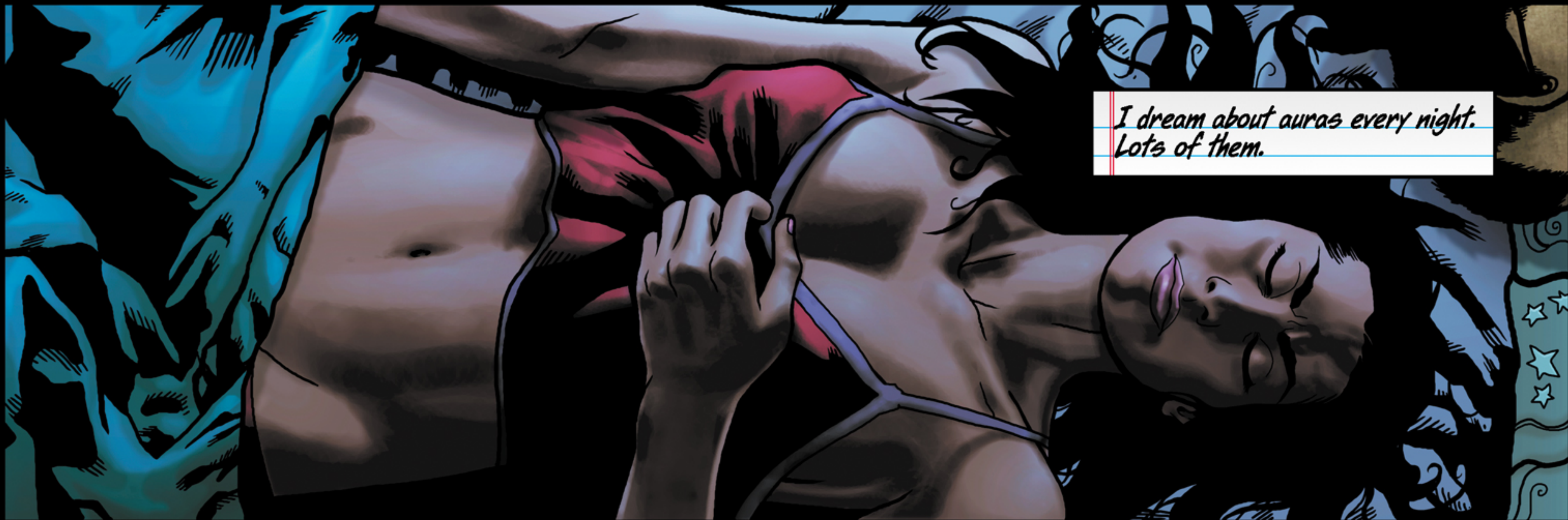
That's just as well. I don't want them to come into my room and see what's in the boxes.



There had to be more to life than my tiny house, my tiny room, and my tiny back yard-- filled with tiny animals with tiny auras. Auras, I guess that's what you call them.



I wanted more.



I dream about auras every night.
Lots of them.



They wait for me. It's like each
person holds a star beneath their
skin, each one begging to escape.

Some of them shine so bright I couldn't
help but be warmed by their presence.



I longed for that
warmth. And, with
every touch of
every hand, I felt
it flow through me.

I could feel everything,
their hopes, their
dreams for the future,
while they no longer
felt anything at all.
Their spark belonged
to me now.



Whenever I had those dreams I
awoke with an intense craving to
feel the way I felt in my dreams.





One night, I couldn't stand the gnawing thirst any longer.



I spent my nights just watching others--observing the beautiful colors that surrounded them.



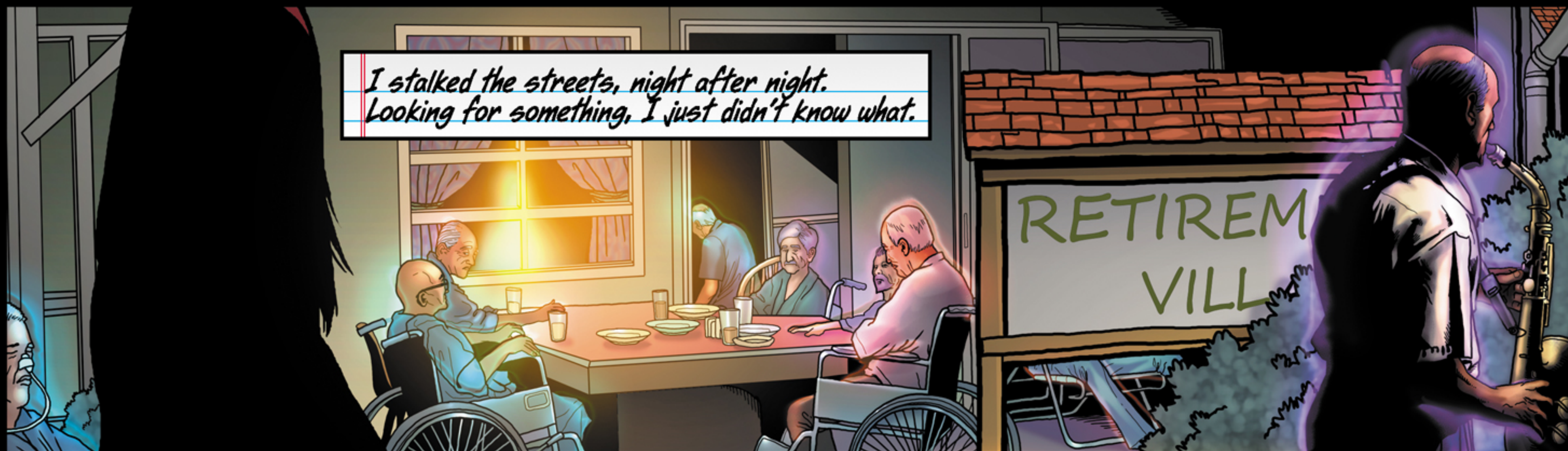
Some beamed bright like beacons.



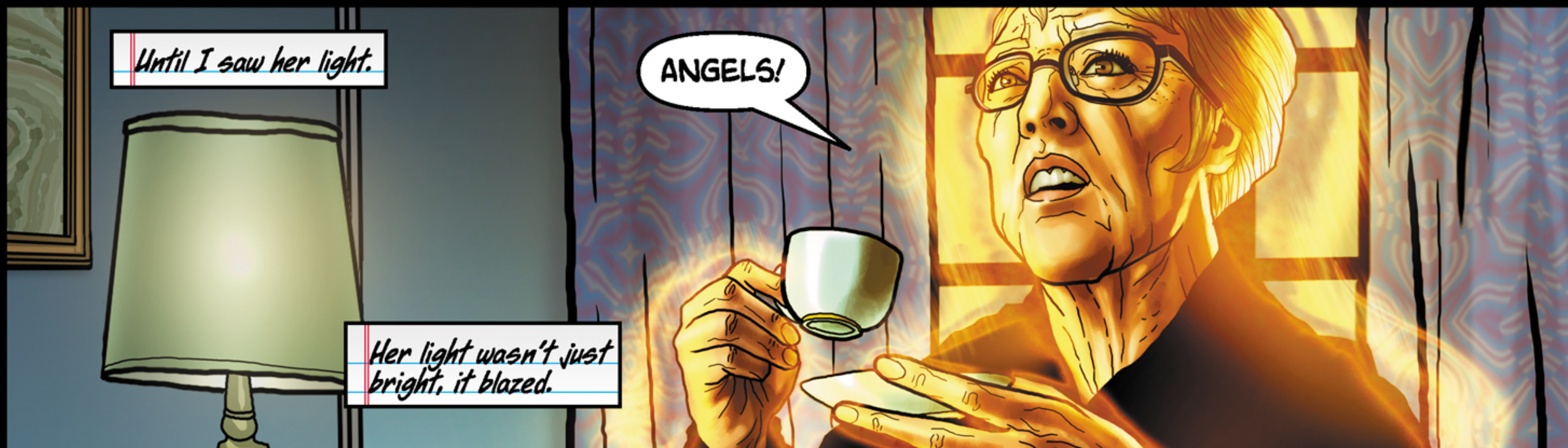
Others flickered like tiny candles.



But they all called out to me. Begging me to take them.



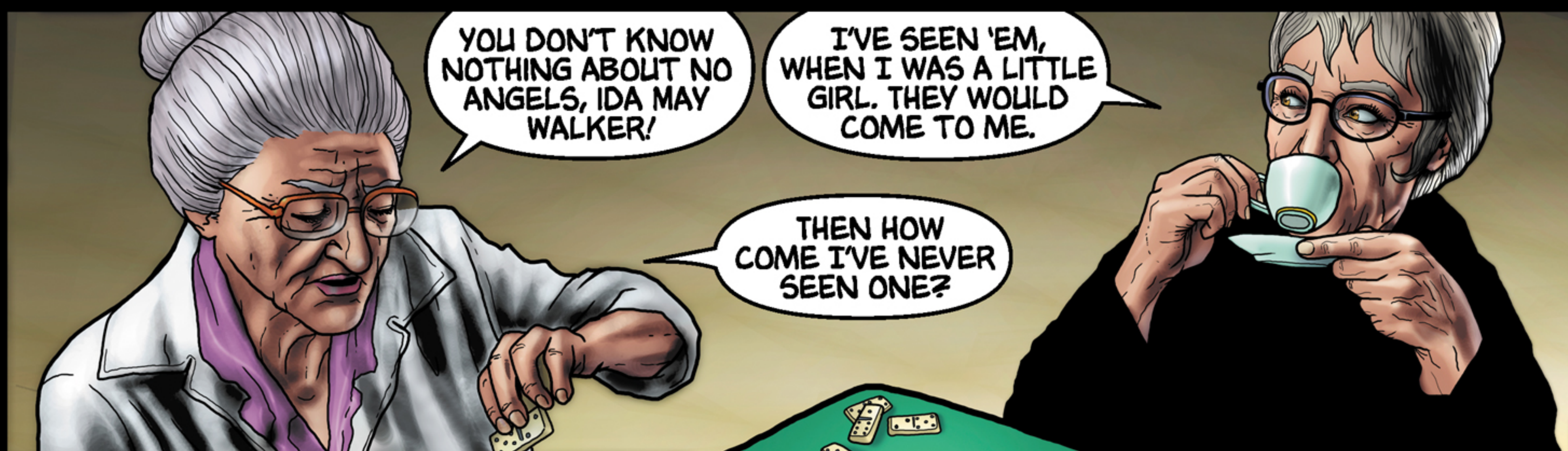
*I stalked the streets, night after night.
Looking for something, I just didn't know what.*



Until I saw her light.

ANGELS!

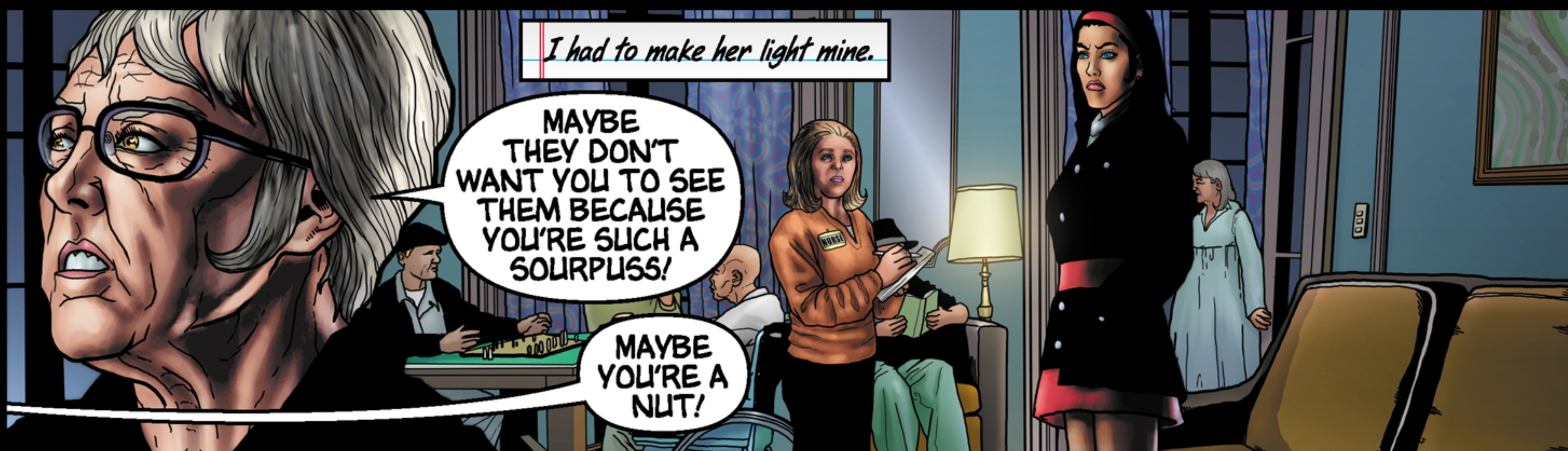
*Her light wasn't just
bright, it blazed.*



YOU DON'T KNOW
NOTHING ABOUT NO
ANGELS, IDA MAY
WALKER!

I'VE SEEN 'EM,
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE
GIRL. THEY WOULD
COME TO ME.

THEN HOW
COME I'VE NEVER
SEEN ONE?



I had to make her light mine.

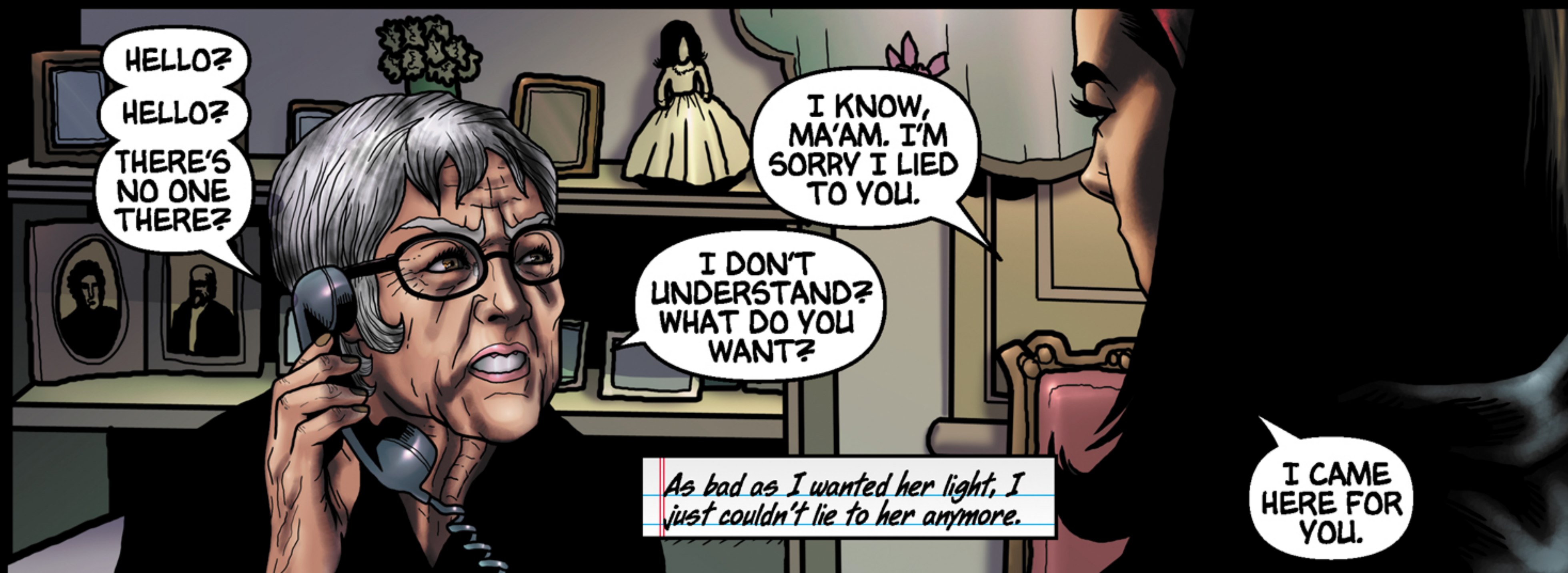
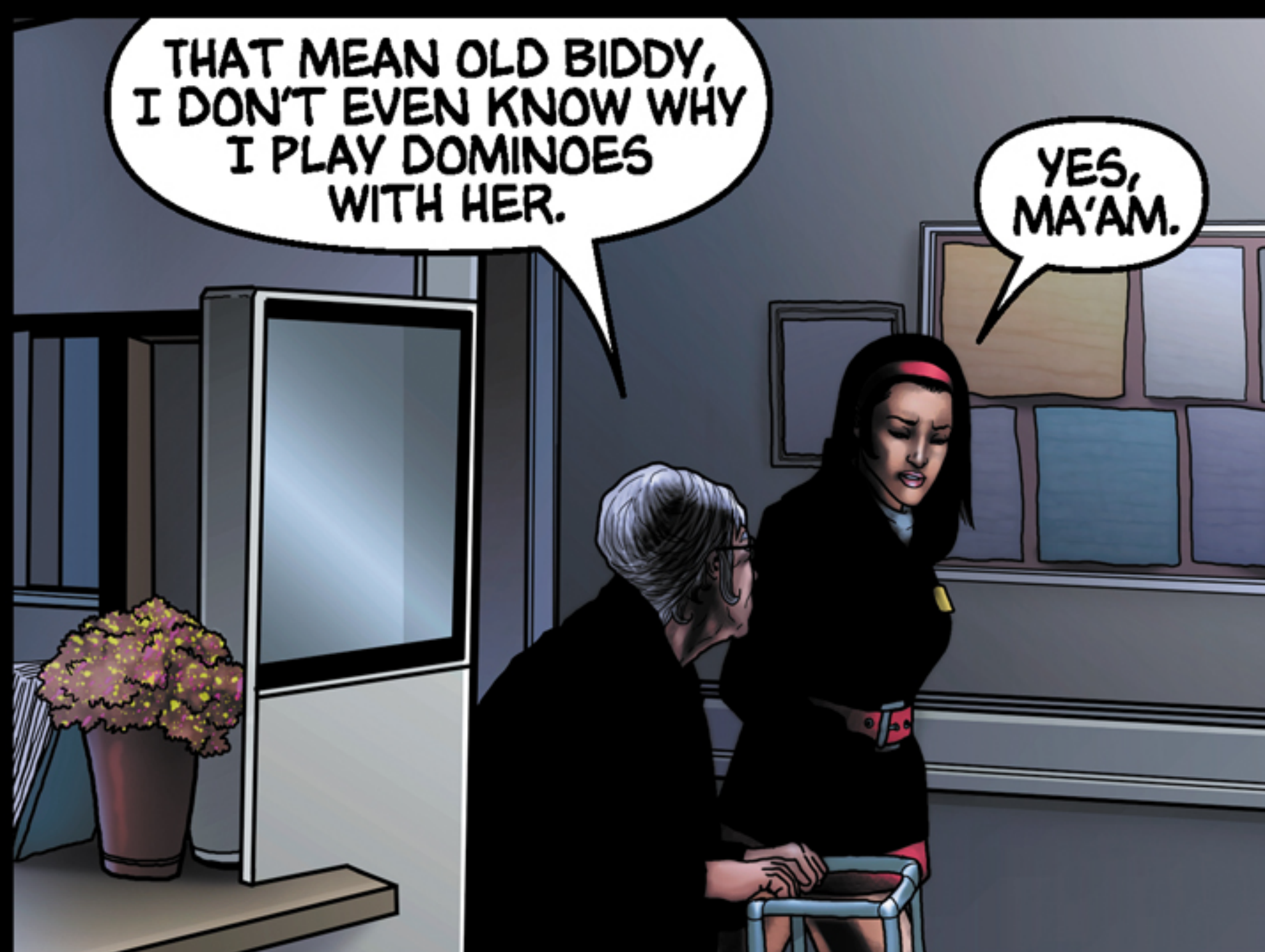
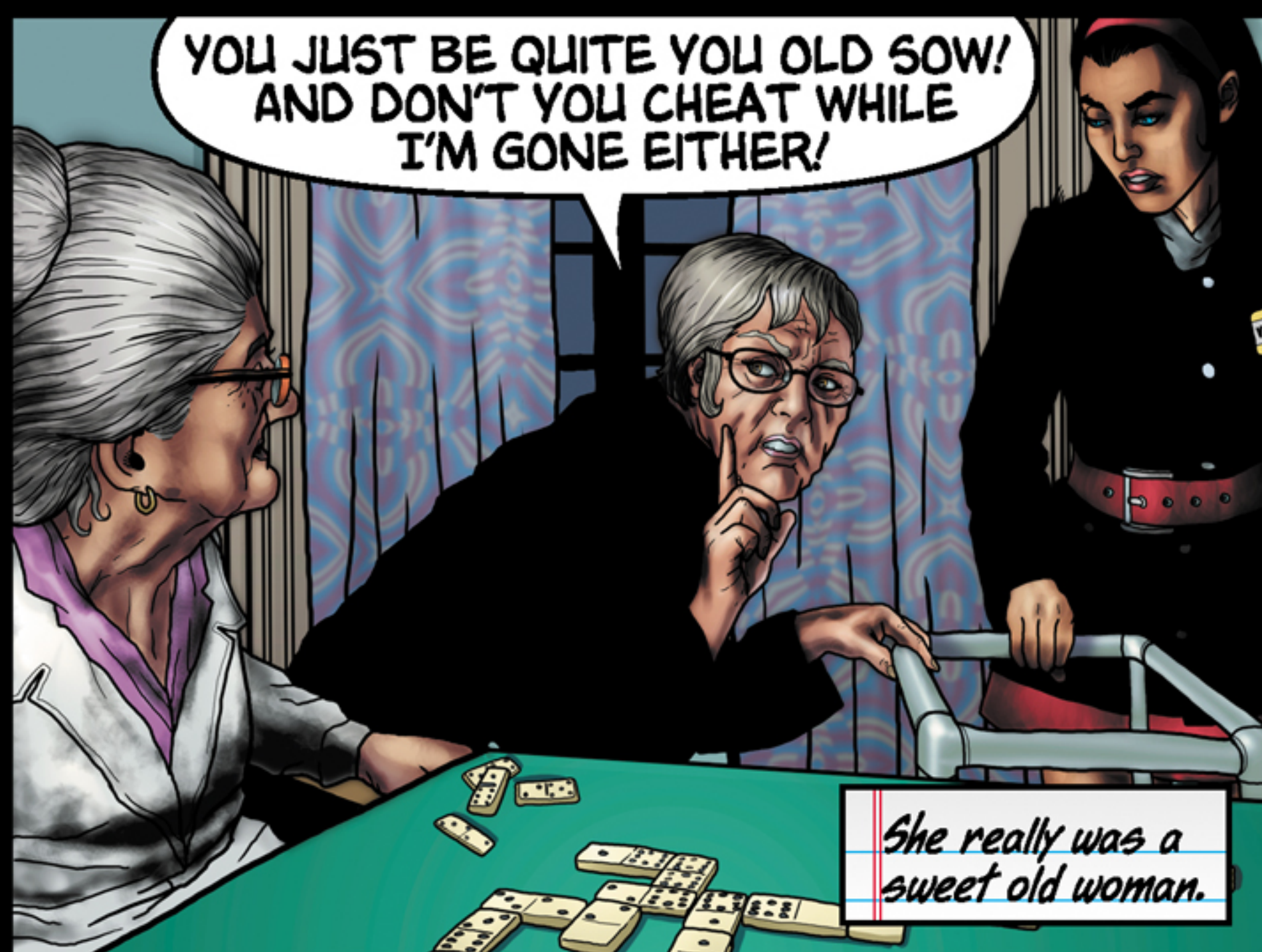
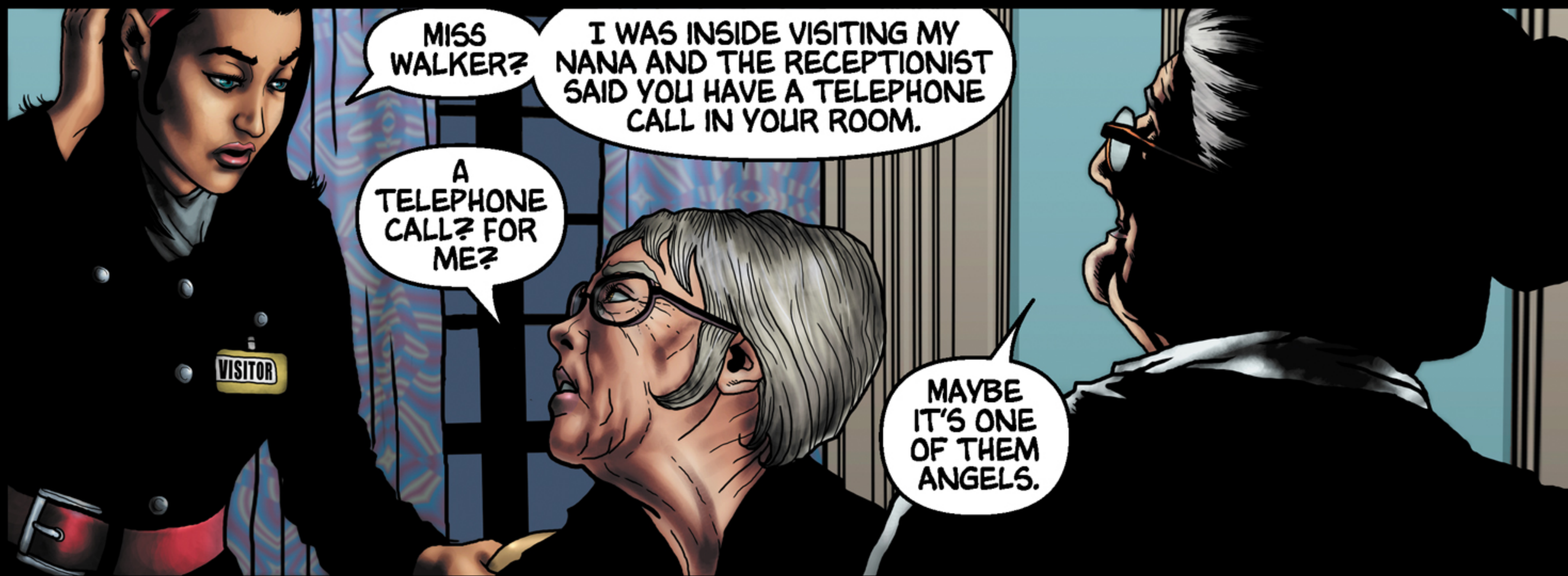
MAYBE
THEY DON'T
WANT YOU TO SEE
THEM BECAUSE
YOU'RE SUCH A
SOURPLUSS!

MAYBE
YOU'RE A
NUT!



DO
YOU NEED
A VISITOR'S
PASS,
MISS?

WHAT?
OH, YES.





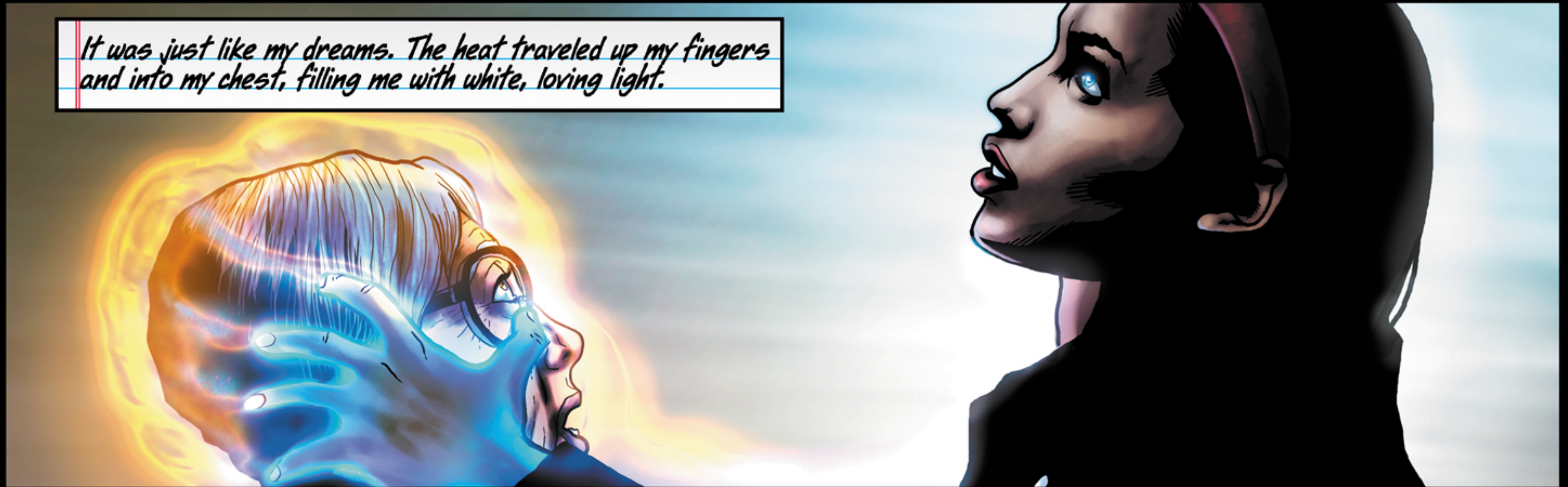
FOR ME?
ARE YOU?
ARE YOU AN
ANGEL?

AN
ANGEL?



Okay, I lied a little.

YES
MY DEAR,
OF COURSE
I AM.



It was just like my dreams. The heat traveled up my fingers and into my chest, filling me with white, loving light.



And something else.



CALL AN
AMBULANCE!
IDA WALKER'S
STOPPED
BREATHING!

*Now I could see Ida's
angels as well.*

MOONLIGHT SERENADE

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